" The red-breast oft at evening
hours " Shall kindly lend his
little aid,
" With hoary moss, and gather'd
flowers, " To deck the ground where
thou art laid.

" When howling winds, and beating
rain, " In tempests shake the sylvan
cell;
" Or midst the chace on every plain ;
" The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

" Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
" For thee the tear be duly shed: **
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
** And moura'd till pity's self be dead."